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A TRIP to the D---l's *Summer-House*:

OR, A

Journey to the WELLS: With the Old Preaching *Quaker's* SERMON to the *London-Mobb*.

WHen the Spring of the Year had arriv'd at its Prime,
When inanimate *Bodies had Dreſt themſelves Fine*;
When Nature had put off her Winterly Shroud,
Took delight in her ſelf, and began to grow Proud;
When the Luſts of the Fleſh, and the heat of the Weather,
Sends Men into Hoſpitals, whole Droves together;
When Satan has ſo the Poor Females poſſeſt,
That the Women beleive 'tis a Sin to be Chaſte;
When th' Immoderate Seaſon of Summer was come,
Diſeaſing Old Men, and Diſtracting the Young,
My Fancy one Morning began to Preamble,
I found my ſelf rarely diſpos'd for a Ramble;
I conſider'd for ſome time which way to Repair,
And at laſt I concluded, and Pitch'd on the *Fair*;
That Harbour of Vice for Young Sinners to Steer in,
Set apart by the D——l for Lying and Swearing.
In order for Journey I Hurry'd along,
As far as St. *Gile's* in the Feilds, whereupon
I was thinking to ſhorten my way, and ſo I croſt
To an Alley, and there I made ſhift to be loſt;
I Blunder'd about, Do what I, but could not tell where,
But this I can tell thro' a great deal of Mire,
As if in the Dirt I wou'd take my Degrees,
I was firſt to the Ankles, then up to the Knees:
Withall ſuch a Poys'nous ſtink did infect me,
Add to this my Concern, 'twas enough to diſtract me:
But ſtill I contin'd, and kept on my Courſe,
For what need I fear when I cou'd not be worſe,
At laſt 'twas my Fortune to come to a *Lane*,
That brought me direct to the Haven of Sin,
The Firſt that came by was a Feminine Croud,
Indifferent Handſome, but Damnable Proud.
Great Ladies Attended, and ſuch ſort of Creatures,
Who, like all their Sex, are ſubdu'd by their Natures,
A pack of Inticeing Intemperate Jades,
Who thinks 'tis a ſhame to be Twenty and Maids;
They were Nicely Tack't up, and Bedeckt I'll aſſure ye,
Not a Hair on their Heads, but was Fram'd to allure ye:
Perfum'd with an Air they deſign'd, I ſuppoſe,
To Trap all the Fools that they met, by the Noſe:
The Scent was ſo ſtrong, that a Man I'll declare,
Might have followed the W—e, as the Dog does a Hare.
They Tript it with Motion as light as a Feather,
Their Heads and their Heels went exactly together;
Not Bending too Forwards nor Backwards too much,
Since either extream wou'd produce a Reproach.
Then Follow'd a ſluggiſh Aſſembly of Drones,
A Scurrilous Iſſue call'd *Gentlemens Sons*;
Who live on the Fat of the Land, and Devour
Whatſoever is got by the Sweat of the Poor;
That follows Examples of being profuſe,
And thinks 'tis a Vertue, becauſe 'tis an Uſe;
Debauching themſelves while their Youth is but Green,
And Scorns to be Chaſte, after Age of Fifteen:
When grown to be Men they are worſe than before,
Their Sins being harden'd, their Crimes are the more,
They wallow in Wickedneſs, ſwim in Exceſs,
Drowns the Reaſon of Man in the Torrent of Vice;
So given to Dream and to Doat upon Women,
It makes 'em not only Unchaſt, but Inhumane;
So hot are their Burning Deſires ſo unjuſt,
They wou'd Murder a Man to make way for their Luſt;
Defend a wrong Cauſe to the beſt of their Pow'r,
And Martyr themſelves for the Name of a *Whore*.
Correction to them is like *Paint* to a Feature,
'Twill alter the Colour, but never the Nature;
For tho' they may ſeem to approve Reformation.
'Tis either for Int'reſt, or elſe for the Faſhion:
They go to the Church to inſpect what's a doing,
To See and be ſeen, is the end of their going.
They'll ſquint at the *Parſon*, and ſpit at each *Sentence*
That does but ſo much as Conjecture *Repentance*.
Thus they ſpin out the Thread of a Troubleſome Life,
As if they were going to Hell in a ſtrife;
At *Tavern* all Day, and to *Play Houſe* all Night,
To all ſorts of *Fairs* that can yield 'em Delight;
Living like *Epicures* tell Death proves prevalent,
And calls 'em to give an Account of their Talent.

As ſoon as this Lew'd Congregation was paſt,
I pluck'd up my Heels, and I follow'd Poſt haſt,
Arriv'd at the *Fair*, where the firſt thing I 'ſpy'd,
Was a Hole like a Hogſty that ſtood on one ſide;
I was given to know, by an Implicit Notion,
'Twas a *Temple* that *Fortune* had Built for Devotion.
The Gaming Proficients was buſie as Bees
A purging the *Pockets* of Fools by degrees;
The Sots that was into their Company led,
Sat laying of Wagers and Scratching their heads:
Some Wiſhing for Luck, ſome Lamenting their Caſe;
Some Swearing the D——l had Conjour'd the Dice:
Some Winners a Health to Dame *Fortune* was Drinking,
And ſome that had Loſt all, was D——ing and Sinking.

I left 'em deſigning to paſs further on.
And as I was making my way thro' the Throng,
Sir, ſays one, here's an *Ape* that will pleaſe you I'm certain,
He Dances ſo rarely, ſo nice, ſo diverting;
That all that has ſeen him his Praiſes redoubles,
He's the common Diſcourſe of the Mob and the Nobles.
He Cuts you a Caper three Foot from the Ground,
And Dances expertly the whole *Cheſhire* round.

circa 1695

I ſtood all the while like a Man that admir'd,
And ſeem'd to be taken with what I had heard:
But troth I cou'd hardly from Laughing eſcape,
To hear how the *Monkey* commended the *Ape*:
However to pleaſure the Coxcomb I enter'd,
And into Kennel my Carcaſe I ventur'd;
Where a noiſie Society Crowded the Room,
Beaus, Blockheads and all came to ſee a Baboon.
I Glutted my Eyes with a narrow Inſpection,
And out again went to behold a Tranſaction,
Befall'n in the Rabble. The ſum of which Story,
Is here in it's order inſerted before ye.

A Rev'rend Quaker that had been out of Town,
And came thro' the *Fair* in his Journey t'wards Home.
In a Sanctify'd poſture he ſat on his Steed,
And look't like the Picture of Ven'rable *Bede*:
His Hat was ſo broad it would keep (I'll maintain,
Not only his Head but his Horſe from the Rain.
The days of Years had ſo infeebl'd his ſtrength,
His Beard and his Neckcloth was both of a length.
No more was he mov'd at the Tumult and Noiſe,
Then a Statue of Stone, at the ſhouting of Boys.
He came to a Place which the Mob did Protect,
And made all the Paſſengers ſhow 'em Reſpect;
They call'd to the Quaker to pull of his Hat,
In Token of Love to the *Queen* and the *State*.
Not he (Abſolutely) he ſat like a Man
That was going to Die, or like one in a Dream;
The Vulgar begun by the Garments to ſhake him,
And ſwore by the L——d if he wou'd not they'd make (him.
The Hubbub created a great deal of *Laughter*,
But ſtill he remain'd like a *Sheep* for the *Slaughter*;
His *Horſe* ſeem'd concern'd at the Fatal Diſaſter,
As if he had borrow'd his Looks from his Maſter:
So ſerious a Frame was his Countenance ſet in;
I'm apt to believe he was Foal'd at the Meeting.
But to turn to the Story, the Mob grew ſo Rude,
So jumbl'd my Friend in the midſt of the Crowd;
Continuing ſtill to deny their Deſire,
They tumbled both him and the Colt in the Mire;
I wonder that People ſhou'd be ſo uncivil,
They made him as Dirty and Black as the D——l.
His Horſe was as bad, as I hope to be Bleſt,
One could hardly diſtinguiſh the Man from the Beaſt;
Then Riſes the Quaker, Inſpir'd with a Rapture,
And throws at his Foes a whole Mouthful of Scripture.
Oh when ſhall the Wicked their Puniſhment find,
And when ſhall their Wickedneſs come to an end.
He ſpoke much of who ſhould the Kingdom inherit,
'Twas thought the Old Rogue was poſſeſt with a *Spirit*.
He rail'd againſt Churchmen, but highly extoll'd,
His Friends whom he there call'd the Sheep of his Fold:
He plac'd them in Heaven, and yet could not ſpare,
One Inch of the Place for the Goats in the *Fair*,
But ſeeing his Goſpel found no Acceptation,
He begins with his Horſe to remove from that ſtation.
Creps out of the Crowd from the midſt of his Foes,
Then preſently ſhakes off the Duſt from his Shoes.
This, ſays he, *is to Witneſs your being abſurd,*
Your Stoning the Prophet, and Scorning the Word.
It Vext me to ſee an Old Logger-Head Doat,
He'd more need have ſhaken the Dirt off his Coat,

I left him and came where a Man and his Bride,
With *Lazarus*'s Poorneſs, and *Lucifers* Pride,
Was going along with ſtrong Liquor well loaded,
And Huffing the Tumult becauſe they were Crowded.
Nor had they gone far till they met in their way,
A couple as Proud and as Ragged as they:
So Arriving for th' Wall with a bent Reſolution,
There happen'd amongſt 'em a horrid Confuſion.
The Women as void of good manners as Riches,
Did place themſelves under the Title of *Bitches*,
And the Men who was Drunk, and as Dirty as Hogs,
To be even with their Wives call'd one another *Dogs*.
But Oh what a Noiſe and a Rout was between 'em,
A Man at Deaths Door wou'd have Laugh'd to've ſeen 'em.
They ſcolded and talk of the Law and Enditing,
The Bitches Bark'd on, but the Dogs went to Fighting;
And they Anſwer'd the Name of a Dog in the cloſe.
For the Weapons they us'd was their Teeth and their Paws.
As ſoon as the Women had weary'd their Tongues,
Then Blows were Elected to reconcile Wrongs;
They call'd themſelves Bitches and ſuch ſort of Brats,
But truly they Fought like a couple of Cats;
For never ſuch ſcratching did Mortal behold,
No Tygers more fiercer, nor Dragon more bold;
However at laſt they began to Diſſent,
But ſeem'd to be rather Fatigu'd than Content.

I enter'd the Village, and came to a Room,
That was all in a Sweat with a ſmoaky Perfume,
Where *Robin* and *Eaſter* was always embracing;
For my part I thought they wou'd ne'er have done Kiſſing
He hung by her Neck his dear *Darling* he Vow'd her,
There he ſlaver'd and ſuckt like a Calf at an Udder.
When the Women with had gluttered the Fools,
They all fell a Roaring like ſo many Bulls;
Here bieng no ſome Meat, or we'll tarry no longer;
What a Plague we are ready to Famiſh with Hunger:
'Tis ready e're this, or ſome Witchcraft is in it;
The Drawer replies *Sirs 'twill come in a minute:*
Then each draws a *Cut, Laſh* twelve Inches at leaſt,
A Weapon more fit for a Fight than a Feaſt;
And up comes poor *Jack* in a moment of time,
And brought a whole diſhful of Pork for the Swine:
'Twas ſcarcely well plac'd on the Table with Care,
But every Man was Contending for ſhare:
Confound you, ſays one, *ye Great Cur you'll provoke me,*
Will you never have done with your Cutting, Plague Choak ye?
You be Hang'd, ſays the other, *What is there not Room?*
So then the Complainer begins to fall on,
With a decent Deportment as Man could well wiſh,
One Hand at the Mouth, and th' other at Diſh;
They grumbl'd as long as there was ought to ſhare on,
Like my *Lord-Mayors* Dogs o'er a Morſel of Carrion.
Here's one was a Bawling, *You've taken my Piece,*
Another was up to the Knuckles in Greaſe:
A third had but juſt Cut a bit of the Lean,
The reſt was all gone; what a Pox did they mean?
With Chawing and Talking, Foming and Frothing,
They gave me a Dinner, and yet I Eat nothing:
But this was the beſt, when they'd ſwallow'd their Food;
They ſnuff'd up their Noſes, and then *'twas not good.*
No, Rot it, ſays one *it was tremblesom tough;*
Another cries out that *it was not enough*; How-

However they ceas'd to reflect in that ſort,
And ſent for a Fidler to make 'em ſome ſport;
When preſently up came a poor ragged Fellow,
Who reckon'd himſelf to be Son of *Apollo*;
He ſtruck up his Notes like a couragious Man,
So now was the time that Diverſion began:
The firſt of this Country Breed that came on,
In order for Dancing was *Roger* and *Joan*:
The latter of which I muſt needs Paraphraſe
A little upon her, by way of her Praiſe.
Kind Nature ſo nicely the Artiſt had play'd,
The Hair of her Eye-Brows, and that of her Head,
Had drawn up their growths to ſo little a diſtance,
As if they were mindful to ſcrape an Acquaintance:
Her Noſtrils I found was not troubl'd with ſtoping,
A jucy Elixir was always a dropping;
Her Mouth always open, as if it was willing
To be a Gally-Pot for her Noſe to diſtill in:
Her Tongue was ſo ſhort, one cou'd ſcarcely diſtinguiſh,
By her Speech, what ſhe was, whe her *Grecian* or *Engliſh*
Her Chin was in length about four Inches long,
I ſuppoſe to ſupply the defects of her Tongue;
Her Breaſts was as white as the Sole of my Shoe,
Without all Diſpute ſhe was cleanly below;
Her Viſage was large, and her Stature was tall:
And yet notwithſtanding her Waſte was ſo ſmall,
To ſpeak the plain Truth; 'tis below me to Flout her,
A ſtring of three yards wou'd a gone 'twice about her:
However this Beauty was brought to the Floor,
In order to Dance as I told ye before;
And had *Heraclitus* been living and there,
I am [illegible] from laughing to hear;
She took not the Dancing-School method, not ſhe,
To Skip, and to Friſk, and to bend with the Knee.
Oh ſhe was more ſtedfaſt, ſhe hated to ſham,
Her Skippings and Motions was one and the ſame;
She minded not how the Muſitian did ſtrike,
Change Notes, or change Tunes, ſhe was always a like.
The Fidler ſtruck up the Concluſion, but *Joan*
Had not done with her dance, tho' he'd done with his tune
Her Skill was ſo good (one wou'd ſcarcely believe it)
She danc'd full as well without Muſick as with it;
Till quite fatiguated with Skipping about,
They paid the poor Scraper, and bid him turn out.
So when they began to be ſeemingly dull,
And ſilent like Hogs, when their Bellies are full:
But Silence made way for another Diſcourſe;
The Subſtance of which I will briefly rehearſe.

Two Critical Sophiſters ſat at a Table;
Directly oppoſing this ruſtical Rabble:
Whoſe Aſpects (and Habits ſo much out of Faſhion)
Beſpoke 'em the Converts of *Calvin*'s Perſwaſion:
They were mighty Devout, at the Government railing,
That here was a Fault in't, and there was a Failing.
Reflecting on Heroes promoted to Honour,
And laſhing *Eccleſia* after this manner.

The Church is a going to ſwallow down Pop'ry
T've Bells at her Altars, and ſuch ſort of Fop'ry,
Here's Good-Friday's, *Birth-Days, and ſuch things kept holy,*
At firſt introduc'd by a Heathenish Folly,
Here's Oxford *and* Cambridge *are National Sluices,*
Lets into Divinity Popiſh Abuſes.
In Churches they Pictures and Images raiſe,
There was none of theſe doings in Olivers *Days.*

Then up ſtarts a Plowman as Bold as a Lion,
And ſtretches his Throat in Defence of our *Sion*,
Says he, *You're a couple of pittiful Fellows,*
And deſerves not ſo Noble a Death as the Gallows.
You're Sons of Ingratitude, *Children of* Spleen.
You ſwear our Churches, you rail at my Queen.
You batter the Nation?——Ad Rat ye come out.
I'll make you to ſwallow theſe Words down your Throat,
Both you and your Sect are the Governments Lees,
You'd Ruin the Realm for a Two Penny Piece.
Diſcontent has been ever your Fathers Corruption,
So th' Venom remains in the Sons by Adoption:
Who ſtill are Subjected to Envious Railing,
Are as for Old Oliver, *he was a Villain;*
For all he Uſurpt ſuch a Petulant Power.
I ſay the Old Knave was a Son of W——
The Rogues in thoſe Days did a Brewer Exalt.
He fit for a Monarch!——He fit to Drain Malt!
A delicate Fellow to bear ſuch Command,
He fit for a Scetter!——He fit to be Hang'd!
A Tyrant, and all that Aſſiſted to Raiſe him,
Were Traitors, and your are no better that Praiſe him.
Pray who was it brought the Diſtreſs on this Nation;
Who made the Attempt on that Royal Invaſion?
Who baniſh'd the Iſſue, and Murder'd the Father?
'Twas him and the Pope and the Devil together.

Then, ſays the Diſſenter, *I wiſh you'd be eaſie.*
I'm ſorry that what I have ſaid ſhou'd diſpleaſe ye,
But as for my Branding the Church with Deluſion,
I'll prove you again 'tis a Maſs of Confuſion.
I'll ſhow you Verbatim, *where it is Faulty,*
The dangerous Errors whereof it is Guilty..
Your Bowing to th' Alter, is rank Superſtition,
A Continuation of Popiſh Tradition.
Your Croſſes in Baptiſm, God-Father binding
Is all inſignificant, not worth your minding.
The Organs inſtead of Devotion advancing,
Serves only to ſet Peoples Humours a Dancing.
The Surplice Corrupts the poor Maids at their Hearts,
It makes them to think upon Men in their Shirts.
And as for the Converts your bleſt Prayers makes,
The beſt of your Church are a parcel of Rakes.
As I hope to be ſav'd they are ſo Prophane,
So given to ſwear, by my Soul 'tis a Shame.

Well, this is a Man, ſays the Plowman, *worth hearing,*
He ſwears a great Oath we are given to Swearing:
But now you have ended, I hope, as 'tis fitting,
You'll ceaſe till I draw ye a Draught of the Meeting.
I ſcorn to reflect, or reproach you with Lies;
I'll only repeat what I ſaw with my Eyes
For being in London, *that Harbour of Vermin,*
One Sunday I went in queſt of a Sermon.
Deſigning the Church for my Refuge that Day,
But dropt in a Puritans *Cell by the way,*
Where a canting Concourſe of irreverent Sinners,
Were ſiting without either Motion or Manners.
Here one in a Corner was plac'd very cloſe,
A pulling his Hat o'er his Eyes and his Noſe;
Another lewd Hypocrite ſeated apart,
With a Saint in his Looks, and a Satan in's Heart.

By

By and by came a Man with a Cloak on his Back,
A Book in his Hand, and a Band round his Neck,
Went creeping along like a poor helpless Creature,
Arrested by all the Diseases in Nature.
He Hopt to the Pulpit as fast as he cou'd,
And scarce had he got to that Hovel of Wood,
Before Master Clericus *clear'd up his Throat,*
And presently set 'em a Psalm to Chant out.
They all fell a Singing some Treble some Base,
As if they were Humming of Old Chivy-Chase.
Their Concording Voices so Harmonious were,
'Twas enough to've Ravisht a Hedge-Hog I'll swear.
As soon as the Choristers made a Conclussion,
The Preacher starts up with a Calvins *Commission.*
He wrinkled his Forehead, he lean'd on his Book,
And show'd us how much like an Ass he cou'd look.
Transforming his Aspect with Ideots Frenzies,
As if God Almighty was Pleasur'd with Whimsies';
As if the Eternal Creator of Man,
Took Pleasure in seeing Men alter his Frame:
He seem'd to make Apish Behaviour a Rule,
He apear'd in his Prayer so much of a Fool;
So much of a Mimick, (to speak without Fearing,
He'd make a rare Barth'lomew-Fair *Pickle-Herring.*
His Prologue *was tedious, and yet the T———,*
Concluded invoking without Pater-Noster.
Being past one good Duty he went to the next,
(Having Grumbled a Prayer) to Grope out a Text.
In the Fourth of Malachi, *the first of those Verses,*
And there a long Catalogue of Judgment Rehearses,
From the Words and their Meaning, he took an Occasion
To Preach to his Auditors Death and Damnation.
He began the Inevitable Doom to Denounce,
And sent a whole Heap to the Devil at once.
The Hypocrite Men with a fair out-side Shell,
He bid 'em go take up their Lodging in Hell.
The next that he threw into Lucifers *Scopes,*
Was a Bundle of Whores, *and a Mouthful of* Popes.
I laught in my self till it tickl'd my sides,
To see the Old Women a shaking their Heads,
To see the Old Sinners Confusedly stand,
When the Preacher avouch't that the Whores wou'd be Damn'd,
The Heart of the Prophet was so set in ire,
His Lips spoke of nothing but Brimstone and Fire:
I turn'd my self round and began to march out,
For I never lov'd Doctrine so Sulpherous hot.
Well, says the Dissenter, *I take no Regard,*
You may certainly one Day expect your Reward;
I leave it to him that can Censure you best,
You've rail'd at the Prophet and People of Christ.
Upbraiding the Church with the Name of a Cell,
And speaking those things that became ye not well.
Yet this I will say in Defience of our Church,
It is not your Steeple, it is not your Porch,
That makes yours a Temple, nor looking so comely,
A Church is a Church, tho' 'tis never so homely.
And then to Attest it, and show his self Learned,
He fetches Quotations from *Austin* and *Bernard.*
Then on went the Plowman as fierce as *Achillis,*
And Buffets him out of *Sententia Pluribus,*
(Poor Plowman) his Brains, by the Heat of the Weather,
Were apt to make Latin and Nonsence together.

To the Fathers for Proof he would willingly soar,
But *Grammarian* Wings could not bear him so high.
The other Battalion for motion prepares,
Yet gave him sharp words as he went down the Stairs.
The Plowman could hardly from Fighting desist,
He would needs make his Arguments good with his Fist;
By many perswasions the Blows were Diverted,
The Clamour Concluded, the Company Parted.
Having seen all this Tumult, I call'd to the Drawer,
To give me a faithful Account of my Score:
He told me, and when I had paid him his due,
I left the House (just as I found it) a Stew,
I ventur'd my Carkass once more in the Crowd,
And was horridly squeez'd with a Reprobate Brood
Of Soldiers, whose Motto, it seems were mistaken,
Is *Semper Eadem*, the Servants of Satan.
I durst not look up at the *Andrews* and Block-heads,
My Eyes was so busily fixt on my Pockets.
Yet heard 'em Bawl unto the People that Sinning,
Deluding and Cheating was just a beginning;
There was Whore to be let Cheap enough in all reason,
A Man might have hir'd 'em for Six-pence a dozen;
Or, have bought for a Noble a Score on a heap,
The Bitches might well be accounted Dog cheap.
When I got from the Mob, it began to grow dark,
So I came with all speed to St. James's *Park;*
Being Hungry (and hasty to get a Remedy)
I walk't till I o'er took a Beau and his Lady.
Excuse me, and take it to be no Abruption,
If here I present you his Beauships Discription.
He look't at a distance a terrible Hero,
And when I came nigh I protest he was like one,
His Wig was so monstrous, I vow it wou'd fright one.
It was made like a Swadling Cloth for a Horse,
Not only to cover his Neck but his Arse;
It reach'd from his Head very nigh to his Garter;
'Twas a good handsome Load for an ord'nary Porter:
The Powder on his Garment was harbour'd so thick,
That if it shou'd Rain, 'twou'd make Dough on his Back.
He pluckt up his Pedestals quick as a Rappet,
And strutted along like a *Barth'lomew* Poppet.
His Delight was to Dance, you might tell by his tread
That he carry'd more Wit in his Heels than his Head.
His Stature was large, yet his Sword was so short,
He resolves when he Fights he'll do no Body hurt:
I perceiv'd by the Hilt 'twas not prone to Abuse;
For 'twas Rusty,——a sign 'twas seldom in use.
His Legs was as thick (if I censure not wrong)
As a Constables Staff, and almost quite as long.
His Tongue never ceast, for his Humours is such,
He thinks he talks well; if he does but talk much.
Still Chawing of something to Sweeten his Breath;
And always a Grinning and showing his Teeth,
With such sort of Frenzies, which serv'd to explain
That the Coxcomb was more of a Monkey than Man.
A fine Painted Snuff-Box his Idol was made;
Deprive him of that, you'd as good take his Head.
'Tis Snuff, he supposes, his Briskness maintains,
Some thinks that it causes Defects in the Veins;
And I'm of Opinion it eat up his Brains.

FINIS